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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Meeting.

Yet once again we meet,
And thou wert still unaltered and my heart
Forgave the world its fickleness, in which
Thou hadst no part,
And I forgot that thou couldst never be
More than a thought, a memory, to me.

It matters not, life's joys
Are half of hope and half of memory made,
And both are dreams, and happiness itself
Is but a shade.
Before us ever in the distant view—
We grasp it not, however we pursue.

And yet, to meet thee thus,
With its first charm, unbroken by to see
Thy smile the same, and feel that time had
wrought
No change in thee,
Were something more than those unreal things
Which hope oft promises and memory brings.

Thy voice fell on my heart,
With its first charm, unbroken by the years,
Which have linked a few brief scattered
smiles
With many tears,
Smiles that have shone on thee and tears that
fell
Full often after bidding thee farewell.

And we have parted now,
Thou hast left lightly on with fortune's tide,
With hope and bright colors spread before thy view
And I to chide
The lingering moments with but memory's power
To cheer the gloom of each succeeding hour.

Such, such is destiny:
The star is changed beneath whose light we met
Or true the star, not mine and it were well,
Could I forget,
For all things bright and happy eling to thee,
And thus divide thee farther yet from me.

And though we meet again,
And though thy smile be sweet, thy voice be
kind,
The distance will between us still remain
Which fate designed,
And thou and I a separate path must tread,
Thy way through sunbeams, mine with clouds
o'crepread.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

STORY TELLER.

LOST IN THE FIRE.

"Oh, my God! how can I live and
the city burning up?" groaned Mr.
Lord, turning impatiently upon his
pillow.

"But you are insured," said his
wife, with a pale face, "you will not
lose everything."

"It isn't the office I care for," an-
swered Mr. Lord, "but a package of
papers, very valuable, intrusted to my
care," and he groaned again.

"But won't the safe protect them?"
cried Mrs. Lord, eagerly.

"That's the worst of it," said Mr.
Lord, in a voice husky with emotion.
"They should be in the safe, but in
my half dazed state on the day I was
taken ill, I neglected to put them
there; they are in my desk, and the
only comfort I have had since I could
think was that it has a good lock, and
I have the key—but now!"

"Are they so very valuable, then?"
"So precious, that if they are burned
I shall be disgraced; it will be a
dishonor, if I am unable to produce
them. It is unpardonable that I
should not have secured them; it will
kill me, I feel that it will! Oh! if I
could only move! or Herbert were
only here!"

"Can't I do something?" eagerly
asked his wife.

"No, indeed! From what Mr.
Brown tells me the streets are filled
with a mob; no lady would be safe in
them for an instant. She would be
robbed if not worse. Herbert might
perhaps find a way to get them, and
save his father's honor, if not his life.
I am sure he would. O, how can I
live and let them burn?"

Listening breathlessly with white
face to this talk, stood Grace Lord,
who was just entering the room when
her father spoke. A thought had
crossed her mind, and a plan had
grown in these few seconds.

"Why can't I save those papers?"
was the thought, and "I will," was the
conclusion, as her father ended.

Softly turning away from the open
door, she stole back up stairs to her
room.

"I can go as well as Bert," she whis-
pered to herself. "I know where
papa keeps his keys, and I know just
where his desk is in the office. I can
run down there before mamma misses
me, and how happy papa will be. He
said the streets were not safe," was he
next thought, "but he said a boy could
go. I'll put on Bert's clothes,"
flashed into her mind.

Without stopping to think more
about it, she ran into her brother's
room; found an outgrown suit of
clothes, slipped off her outer garments,
and put on these, snatched a last year's
hat from the shelf, and waiting only
to get her father's keys out of the
pocket in his clothes which hung in a
hall closet, she opened the street door,
and was gone. It was a noble and

generous impulse, but it was a fearful
thing to do.

This happened in Chicago, during
the terrible fire that burned that city
thirteen years ago. It was early on
Monday morning; the south side was
already a roaring furnace, and the
north side, in which my story lies, was
even then on fire.

When Grace turned the corner into
a much used street, she was appalled,
and for an instant turned back. It
was filled with a crowd of people hur-
rying by, with fear, horror, and other
strange passions in their faces. Some
were loaded with household goods or
treasures they hoped to save, others
carrying screaming babies or carrying
children too frightened to run, and
now and then one too ill to stand. It
was a terrible sight, a whole city fly-
ing for life, and a girl alone, however
brave, might well be alarmed.

It was only for a moment, however.
Grace thought of her father and
plunged into the street. The office
was not more than half a mile away,
and her feet fairly flew, although
everybody else was going the other
way, and she had to dodge between
people and horses and loads of all
sorts.

It was well she had not far to go,
for the roof was just bursting into
flames as she opened the door with
her father's keys. His desk easily
yielded to the peculiar key she knew
so well, and among letters and papers
lay a package she instinctively knew
was the precious one, so carefully tied
and sealed, so out of place it looked
there.

Grace seized it and started out, care-
fully locking the desk and putting the
keys in her pocket, when the thought
arose, "Where can I hide the
package?"

You boys would say, in the inner
breast of the vest. But there was
no vest; at any rate, Grace had none,
and inner pockets were an unknown
mystery to her. She thought an in-
stant, then quietly slipped it down the
back of her neck inside the clothes.
The waistband was tight for her, and
she felt sure it was safe, and hastily
ran into the street.

Things had changed greatly even in
these few minutes. The tall blocks
on both sides of the street were on fire,
a big building at the corner had fallen
and out off her return that way, while
the air was full of smoke and cinders
and heat that nearly suffocated her.
Instead of the crowd she had seen, it
was deserted; every one had fled for
their lives. Smothered, blinded,
frightened, Grace turned to run—alas!
away from home.

It was the only way she could go.
At the first place she found herself
no longer alone, but one small atom
of a moving mass of people. To turn
the other way would have been like
trying to stem a furious river, and
besides, that way was thick with
smoke and fire. She was carried
with the crowd, bewildered, lost, but
even in that awful moment filled with
joy that she had her father's papers.

The fire marched on with rapid
strides, driving before it the multi-
tude of homeless wanderers, among
them our poor Grace. To the lake
shore they went, and the hot breath
of the flames followed them even into
the water, far out as they could stand,
till the came up to their necks. Even
then many were suffocated, and
quietly dropped into the water and
were not missed. Grace went as far
as she could keep her head out of
water. She thought, with a pang,
that the papers would be wet, but
they were well tied, and anyway, they
would not be burned. So she tried to
take comfort, though an awful fear
had come upon her that she would
never see her parents again.

Then, too, she remembered that no
one knew where she had gone, nor
where to look for her, and though she
had thought only of being brave, she
found she had been foolish. "But
the papers are safe, and papa will be
glad," was the thought that always
came to comfort her.

At last, after hours of agony and
terror and distress, with groans and
cries and prayers in strange confusion,
such as no one can imagine who did
not pass through it, when many
thought the world was burning up,
and all had little hope of getting out
alive, the fire burned itself out in that
part of the city, and swept on to the
north.

It was late in the afternoon, before
the weary, hungry, fainting fugitives
ventured to crawl out of the lake,
wringing what water they could out of
their clothes, and set out to find a
spot on earth where there was no fire,
if such a spot there was.

Grace joined in the rush over the
heated earth, water pouring from her
clothes at first, but they soon dried in
the heat around her. Home and
papa's package was her only thought
now, but where was home? As soon
as she reached the pavements she saw
that she was hopelessly lost. Where
was Dearborn street? Where was
Clark street?

All were alike unrecognizable. Ever-
y house was burned, lamp posts,
street signs, all leveled to the ground.
She looked upon a steaming wilder-
ness, and as she turned her face to-
ward where her home should be, and
saw the vast wall of fire marching
steadily on, she knew she had no
home in the world. And where then
were father and mother? The aw-
ful desolation that swept over the
poor soul in that terrible moment is
something too horrible for you to im-
agine. Be thankful that it is. She
would have sunk under the weight of
her despair but for the thought of the
precious package. For that she
moved on—"I must save it," was her
constant thought, "papa will be dis-
honored without it," and the poor
tired feet hurried on, she knew not
where.

From that part of the city the only
way of reaching the west side, where
was no fire, was over a certain bridge.

Gradually the stream of people, of
whom Grace was one, drew near that
bridge in whose narrow passage hor-
rors were taking place all the time.
The broad street had hardly room for
flying people in wagons and carriages
of every sort, when where the way
grew narrow, there was a terrible
struggle for place. Heavy wagons
piled high with furniture crashed
ruthlessly into carriages of people;
furniture fell and blocked the way;
vehicles were disabled and abandoned;
frightened horses let loose to trample
at their pleasure; people with loads
thrown down; feeble women crushed
to the wall. All the worst of human
passions were let loose, and men be-
came fiends in the mad struggle for
safety and life.

As Grace reached the place, almost
crushed in the crowd, a strong man
behind her spoke kindly:
"My poor lad," he said, "you'll be
killed in the jam; hold on to me,"
and with great difficulty he raised her
above the crowd and stood her on a
narrow rail next the water.

"Now hold on to me," he said, and
went on, fighting his own way, while
Grace, nearly dead with terror and
expecting every moment to fall into
the water, held wildly to his neck.
Once or twice she slipped; but his
strong arm caught her, and at last,
after hours, as it seemed to her, they
reached the other side, he lifted her
down.

"My boy," he said, kindly, "you
look delicate to be alone in this mad
crowd; won't you come with me?"
Oh, how Grace longed to do so, but
fear restrained her. He thought she
was a boy, and she could not explain,
because it might endanger the pre-
cious package.

"Oh, no!" she said, hastily, "I
must find papa, but I thank you more
than I can say for helping me over
that bridge," shuddering as she spoke.

"Yes, little man," said her friend,
"you'd hardly have come over alive
if I had not seen you."
"Papa will thank you, too," began
Grace, and then, fearful that he or
some would suspect she had valuables,
she turned hastily and ran down a
side street.

But where should she go? That
was the worst side, and free from fire,
but she had never been there, knew
no one, and the streets were full of
flying people. She could only go with
them, for they all seemed going one
way.

So they were, and after a long
walk, in which she many times nearly
fell with fatigue, she reached the end
of her journey, the place where half a
city was collected in misery and des-
pair. It was a wide, bare prairie,
with hundreds—yes, thousands of
people, some with a houseful of furni-
ture and goods, some with nothing in
the world but their night clothes,
camped down to wait for—they knew
not what.

That scene cannot be described,
Grace sank exhausted to the ground,
and very likely would never have
arisen, for she was wet and cold, tired
and hungry. But although every-
thing in life seemed gone, kind hearts
were not burned up, and near her hap-
pened to be a motherly German wo-
man, who had saved all the furniture
of her little house by means of her
husband's express wagon, and was now
guarding it and her three children,
while her husband was making \$100 a

load with the same wagon, drawing
rich men's treasures to a place of
safety. The good frau had already
made a fire in her little stove and heat-
ed some water, preparatory to cook-
ing supper, and seeing Grace apparent-
ly dying, hurried about and made her
a cup of good strong coffee. She
could not speak a word of English,
but she doubtless saved Grace's life.

After drinking a cupful, which gave
her new strength, the poor child
buried her face in her hands and
burst into uncontrollable tears, with
sobs and moans that touched the warm-
hearted woman. She tried to ques-
tion her; she made her come to the
fire; she at last forced her to lie
down, wrapped in one of her own
coarse blankets.

There, on that desolate prairie,
with rain falling, groans and cries of
pain and distress around her, poor
Grace Lord passed that awful night.

A little sleep did wonders to refresh
her, and with the light of morning
came hope, though there seemed little
to build upon. Thousands were rous-
ing to a fresh sense of their own de-
solation, families mourning the loss of
one of their number who had died
during the night, many grieving for
children separated in the crowds, all
remembering homes, comforts, bless-
ings, forever lost.

With dawn, wagons from the un-
burned part of the city began to
arrive—sent by kind hearts which re-
membered the hosts of homeless
fellow-creatures—filled with food,
bread, meat, and coffee were dis-
tributed, and Grace—thanks to her
friend the German woman—received
a large roll.

But a new uneasiness, or rather the
old one, began to creep over her; fear
that this woman might try to detain
her, might suspect the treasure she
bore. Although with many pangs at
the apparent thanklessness of the act,
she took occasion, while her friend
was absent, to slip away and turn once
more towards town. She had heard
that all the churches and school
houses were thrown open to the home-
less, and she must start on her search
for papa and mamma. First, however,
she stole softly around the groups on
the prairie, fearing, yet almost hoping
to find them there.

Misery, sickness, death, insanity,
troubles of all sorts she saw, but not a
face that she knew; and bravely once
more she started on the road to what
was left of the city.

At that day long she walked, weary
and footsore, inquiring her way to
churches and schoolhouses, and going
through every one that she found.

"I'm looking for my papa, who's
sick," opened all doors to her.
Eagerly, almost wildly, as the hours
went by, she peered into the faces of
the crowd. She ate something—she
knew not what; somebody made her
sit down and drink; somebody took
off her soaked and ruined shoes, and
put on a pair that were dry, though
coarse; somebody tried to take off her
jacket to dry it, for it was soaking
from last night's rain. But fear of
discovery aroused her. She tore away
with a cry, and ran many blocks be-
fore she dared to look around to see if
she was pursued.

Just as it began to grow dark,
Grace—who had all day heard dread-
ful tales of suffering and death, of
people burned up, and people dying
of exposure—was settling into the
belief that she no longer had father
or mother, that she should all her life
be a tramp and a beggar, and that all
her snifflings had not, after all, saved
her dear papa, for whose sake she had
braved everywhere. Just at this low-
est point of her courage, her eyes fell
upon a familiar face coming out of a
church.

"O Maggie!" she cried, with her
heart on her lips, "where's my papa?"
"An' who are you, thin?" asked
the tidy Irish girl. "I don't know ye,
boy."

"O Maggie! I'm Grace! I'm not a
boy; I have on Bert's clothes." Here
she whispered: "I—I—I—I want
to get something for papa."

"Faith thin! I do believe it's Miss
Grace herself; but I never should have
known her! Holy Mother! won't they
be wild, just?" and seizing one
arm of Grace with a grip like iron she
started off with rapid strides toward
the suburbs.

"But Maggie, tell me, are they
safe? Do you know anything about
them, Maggie?" with a cry so full of
agony that the good-hearted, though
rough, girl stopped.

"Well, yis, thin; they're safe and
sound in me brother's bit of a house on
the prairie. They couldn't get no
place to stay. Your pa was carried in
a wagon, and I and the missis rode

with the driver. We couldn't get any
place, an' so I made bold to speak to
me brother, who has a spare bed—so
he has. So they went there, glad
enough to get a roof over their heads.
But ain't they just wild about you!
Your pa was out of his senses all night,
an' your ma walked the house like a
mad creatur. I'm out now—have
been all day—trying to find you. And
why, thin, I'd like to know, did ye
run away that black day?"

But Grace could not answer. Relief
and joy, added to her sufferings, were
too much. She had fainted dead
away.

About eight o'clock that evening
there stole into the back door of an
Irishman's shanty on the prairie a
neat Irish girl, half leading, half car-
rying the deathlike figure of a boy,
ragged, forlorn, hatless, miserable; he
looked like one of the worst vagabonds
of city life.

Mrs. Lord was warming something
at the fire, and looked so old and
changed that Grace hardly knew her.
At sight of Maggie she looked up eag-
erly, but seeing her companion she fell
back with a moan.

"Oh, my God! you haven't found
her, then?"
"Thin ye don't know her, missis? No
more did I; but look again!"

Another and closer look, and mother
and child were in each other's arms.

Good news travels as fast as bad,
and in one minute more Grace was in
the arms of her father, and such a
scene of tears and sobs, groans and
cries, may it never be your lot to see.

When all were calm, and Grace was
warmed and fed and bathed, and dressed
in some clothes of Maggie's in
which she looked like an overgrown
doll, and when the precious package,
which had so nearly cost the lives of
Grace and her father, was found to be
not destroyed by its soaking—Grace
told her story, or what she
could of it. Much of it she could
not recall, and never again could she
be induced to repeat it, so full of
horror was it.

All through the dismal tale she was
interrupted by her mother's tears and
sobs, and her father's words, more
precious than gold, "Brave girl!
Little daughter! My darling! Brave
little woman!" and ending with a long
embrace, and the last words of all:

"Little woman, you have saved
your father's honor and his life!
You have been a heroine. Herbert—
had he been a man—could not have
done more; I doubt if he would
have done so much!"

Idol Worshiping.

We live in the full blaze of the
light of the nineteenth century, sur-
rounded by all the evidences of civil-
ization, and yet we are as much of
idol worshippers almost as the great-
est pagan of the dark ages ever was.
The shape of the idol differs in differ-
ent lands and different men. In Eng-
land the lowest classes pay almost
slavish deference to the upper. The
proverb, "An Englishman dearly
loves a lord," is only too true. The
lords have greater privileges than the
commons. When Lord Mohun stab-
bed the actor Mountford in the most
cowardly manner about a hundred
years ago, he was allowed to go free
after paying a slight fine. A com-
mon man would have been unceremo-
niously hanged, but the lords had
certain privileges conferred upon
them which put them above the laws,
and so Mohun escaped paying the
penalty of his crime. It was (and
for the matter is still, though in a
lesser degree) a good thing to be a
lord in England if one desired to be
deferred to.

In America, we have no titled class,
so the rich men take their places.
Every one here is in a desperate hurry
to get money in spite of the fact that
boy.

"O Maggie! I'm Grace! I'm not a
boy; I have on Bert's clothes." Here
she whispered: "I—I—I—I want
to get something for papa."

"Faith thin! I do believe it's Miss
Grace herself; but I never should have
known her! Holy Mother! won't they
be wild, just?" and seizing one
arm of Grace with a grip like iron she
started off with rapid strides toward
the suburbs.

"But Maggie, tell me, are they
safe? Do you know anything about
them, Maggie?" with a cry so full of
agony that the good-hearted, though
rough, girl stopped.

"Well, yis, thin; they're safe and
sound in me brother's bit of a house on
the prairie. They couldn't get no
place to stay. Your pa was carried in
a wagon, and I and the missis rode

deference and get it, but it is from
those in search of favors. In
old Spain, the grantees, the
proudest set of men who ever liv-
ed, used to treat each other in the
most unceremonious manner when
alone, but when a newly enriched
man or a newly ennobled one came
along; they were very careful to give
him all his titles and treated him in
such a ceremonious way that he felt
very uncomfortable, for he knew that
it was done, not out of respect but
in mockery. 'Twould be a good plan
to try in America. Others make an idol
of pleasure—everything must give way
if there is any fun going on. Balls,
dinner parties, picnics, succeed each
other in rapid succession, and sudden-
ly the pursuer of pleasures wakes up
some morning to find that he is old,
and has nothing to show for the years
which have fled except the gout, caused
by drinking too much wine and
going to bed in the wee small hours
in the morning. The moral of this
article is to enjoy life as much as you
can, but not to make of anything
either rank, wealth or pleasure. All
are good in their place, but if carried
to too great an extent will be a curse
instead of a blessing.

EDGAR RAVENSWOOD.

A Touching Death Scene.

THE IMPRESSION OF A DYING MOTHER'S
LAST WORDS.

A venerable clergyman of Virginia
said lately: Men of my profession see
much of the tragic side of life. Be-
side a deathbed the secret passions,
the hidden evil as well as the good in
human nature, are very often dragged
to the light. I have seen men die in
battle, children, and young wives in
their husbands' arms, but no death
ever seemed so pathetic to me as that
of an old woman, a member of my
church.

"I know her first as a young girl,
beautiful, gay, full of spirits and vigor.
She married and had four children;
her husband died and left her penniless.
She taught school, she painted, she
sewed, she gave herself scarcely time to
eat or sleep. Every thought was for
her children—to educate them, to give
them the same chance which their
father would have done.

"She succeeded; sent the boys to
college, and the girls to school. When
they came home, refined girls and
strong young men, abreast with all the
new ideas and tastes of their time, she
was a worn-out, commonplace old wo-
man. They had their own pursuits
and companions. She lingered among
them for two or three years, and then
died of some sudden failure in the
brain. The shock woke them to
consciousness. In an agony of grief,
the oldest son, as he held her in his
arms, cried:

"You have been a good mother to us."

"Her face colored again, her eyes
kindled into a smile, and she whis-
pered, 'You never said that before,
John.' Then the light died out, and
she was gone."

How many men and women sacri-
fice their own hopes and ambitions,
their strength, their life itself to their
children, who receive it as a matter
of course, and begrudge a caress, a
word of gratitude, in payment of all
that has been given them.

Boys, when you come back from
college, don't consider that your only
relation to your father is to "get as
much money as the governor will
stand." Look at his gray hair, his
uncertain step, his dim eyes, and
remember in whose service he has
grown old. You can never pay him
the debt you owe, but at least ac-
knowledge it before it is too late.—
Youth's Companion.

The Moon on the Stage.

A good theatrical moon is a trou-
blesome thing to construct.

The old fashioned moon was a tin
moon box about like a milk pan,
covered with silk or transparent
paper, behind which two or three
candles were inserted. This was
rigged on invisible wires and thus
operated by a man who slowly drew
it upward. The best moon effect is
made by using two drops. Out of the
first, on which is the sky scene, is cut
a strip a yard wide, being the path
up which the moon is to travel.

Immediately behind, and so close
that the piece so removed is not
discernable is a second drop. From
this a round piece is removed and the
piece covered by white or yellow silk,
or some transparent cloth, and from
behind a strong calcium light is made
to rise by gently hauling up the back
drop.

Language of Precious Stones.

The quality of turquoise imparts
a prosperity in love. Chrysolite was
used as an amulet against evil pas-
sions, and despondency. The opal
imparts apprehension and insight,
and is the emblem of unrealized hope.
Conjugal felicity was symbolized by
the sardonyx, which was believed to
insure. The topaz was thought to
promote fidelity and friendship, and
to calm internal passions. The
diamond has the mystic symbolism of
light and purity, faith and upright-
ness of character. The properties of
the amethyst is to calm the passions
of the body and to prevent drunken-
ness. The bloodstone was thought
by the ancients to impart courage,
prudence, fortitude, and stability of
character. The moonstone was the
emblem of the merchant prince, and
signified well directed industry, and
the arts of peace. Garnet or carbu-
nule represents constancy of purpose,
and fidelity to duty. It is pre-emi-
nently the soldier's gem. The ruby
was thought to guard against un-
friendliness, and particularly that
form so common in antiquity—poison-
ing. The sapphire signifies modesty
and charity of opinion, and was
thought to possess the power of break-
ing the spells of magic. The agate
or chalcedony represents physical
prosperity, and it is the stone of the
athlete and physician and represents
longevity and health. The emerald
symbolizes truth, and was believed to
secure good faith and happiness in
friendship and home. It was also
the appropriate emblem for a judge
or lawyer.

French Concrete.

A kind of concrete, hard and solid,
is now being used for building pur-
poses in Paris. It is composed of
eight parts of sand, gravel, and pebbles;
one part of common earth,
burnt and powdered; one part pow-
dered cinders, and one and a half
parts unslaked hydraulic lime. These
materials are thoroughly beaten up
together, their mixture giving a con-
crete which sets almost immediately,
and becomes in a few days extremely
hard and solid, which property may
be still further increased by the addi-
tion of a small quantity, say one part
of cement. Among other constructions
to which the material has been applied
is a house three stories in height,
65 by 45 feet, standing on a terrace,
having a perpendicular retaining
wall 200 feet in height and 20 feet
high. Every part of this struc-
ture was made of hard concrete, in-
cluding foundations, vaults of cellars,
retaining wall, and all walls, exterior
and interior, as well as the cornice
work, mouldings, string courses, ba-
lustrades, parapets, and the building
is without band iron, lintels, or wood
throughout.

Things worth knowing.

To learn to think and act for your-
self.
To waste nothing, neither money,
time nor talent.

If you have a place of business to be
found there when wanted.

To spare when you are young that
you may spend when you are old.

To bear little trials patiently that
you may learn how to bear great ones.

To be self-reliant and not take too
much advice, but rather depend on
yourself.

To keep alive in your breast that
little spark of celestial fire called con-
science.

To learn to say no; it will be of
more service to you than to be able to
read Latin.

To do all the good you can in the
world and make as little noise about
it as possible.

To stick to your own opinion if you
have one, allowing others, of course,
the same liberty to stick to theirs.

How to Test Silk Goods.

Silk goods supposed to be adulter-
ated with other fibres may be easily
tested, when it is desirable, by immers-
ing a sample in hydrochloric acid; at
least it is a simple and ready method
resorted to by many dealers in these
fabrics. The acid in question, as is
well known, is one of the most ener-
getic solvents of silk, and removes it,
consequently, in a very short time,
leaving the wool or cotton unaffected,
at least for a considerable period. An-
other method is to drop a little of the
acid upon the sample, when, if pure
silk, a hole will be made, or if impure,
the threads left will indicate the
nature and extent of the adulteration.

NEW YORK.

The Great Debate.

A DECISION THAT MADE THE LADIES HAPPY.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The art-room of the Y. M. C. A., in their building on the corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth Ave., held an appreciative audience last Friday evening, who had come to see the debate between New York and Philadelphia.

At 8:20, Chairman Froehlich opened the debate with a brief "biography" of each contestant, stating how it was brought about, what the conditions were to be, naming the learned judges who were to keep score and decide the winners, introducing the men, etc. The match was to be square and fair; the men were to be allowed two innings of ten minutes each. Points were to count for each argument made in opinion of the learned judges; counter arguments were also to tally, and the decision would rest with the "Honors" on the Bench as to which side won.

Mr. O'Brien was first to the platform. He grasped his pad firmly, blushed a little, and after saluting, "Ladies and Gentlemen," brought to the fore the question, "Which exerts the greater influence on the happiness of mankind, the male or female mind?" explained the different points that made up the question, and then referred to the happiness brought to our deaf-mutes by the minds of Gallaudet, Peet, L'Espee, Clerc, St. Clair, asked if there could be instance of a woman's mind, who had exerted a greater influence? Referred to the weakness of Eve in taking the forbidden fruit; that Adam ate it to please her, and that it was to the mind of Eve from then, as to most all women up to the present day, mankind owed its unhappiness. Referred to what the minds of Columbus, and other great discoverers have done in the matter of research, said that it was to his mind in discovering America, we owed our happiness of knowing what had been accomplished since the discovery was made. Went on to prove how the mind of Washington, Lincoln, and such men, had influenced happiness on mankind, and was sending forth a good supply of argument, when time was called.

Mr. Davidson then took the rostrum—made his bow, and seemed collected in every respect—countered O'Brien, regarding Gallaudet—it is to his mother we owe the influence exerted by him on our happiness; gave it to Adam, that it seemed Eve was brought to influence Adam's happiness. Then proceeded to discuss, how much mankind was indebted to women's minds, for their happiness; that every child owed its first knowledge of its existence, of its learning, and in fact everything to the female mind; said how many of our best students owed their happiness to their mothers' advice, how many men were made happy by a woman's gentleness. Stated that a mother's teachings was worth all the teachers in the Universe. Brought to the front saying of many of our most learned men in this regard, and would have gone further had not his fifteen minutes expired.

Mr. Jones then took the floor. He made point after point, it would seem, beginning at A going to Z all through the alphabet, with names of men who had done wonders in influencing the happiness of mankind; asserted that inventions had a great deal to do with the happiness of mankind, calling up the influence exerted in this regard made by the invention of steam, gas, electricity and many other modes of conveyance, etc. His discourse was interspersed with numerous laughable bits that kept the audience in the best of humor, and he was going on as to how our mothers, sisters, beaux and sweethearts had been accommodated by man's mind in the quick transit from one place to another, giving to anxious mamma's better opportunity to see their sons at school, and to sweethearts more time in each other's company. Altogether, it looked as if he would vanquish his opponents—but time was up.

Mr. Zeigler took it cooler than the two first. He began by referring to the happiness brought by women to the homes of everybody. What mankind derived in woman's goodness in religion, in learning, and everything with regard to happiness, brought to bear the saying of hosts of great men as to what an influence the female mind exerted on mankind by gentleness, good advice, and in various other ways spoke of the poor chance women had to equal man in education, by a refusal on the part of the latter, to allow them a higher place in the educational world. How different it would be if man and woman had equal privileges in this regard. Showed how much happiness was conferred in a religious way by the active interest women took in church matters, that women were in most instances the bulwarks of our churches. But his quarter of an hour had elapsed, and he reluctantly took his seat.

Opinion at this point was, among the audience, probably in favor of the Philadelphians, but the learned Judges were there to decide.

The second inning of each contestant was a series of counter arguments with an addition of more points. It wanted five minutes after nine o'clock when the learned Judges, in Indian file, Mr. Carlin leading, Mr. Koehler and Mr. Barnes following descended from their high seats and retired to an inner room to sum up.

During their absence, short addresses were made by Messrs. Breen, Fox, Jones, and also "Yankee Doodle" by Misses Decker, Martin, Croak and Ray.

The Chairman of the learned Judiciary, Rev. Mr. Koehler, announced that there were in all 64 points awarded the negative, and 49 to points the affirmative, as follows:—Mr. Davidson, 30; Mr. Zeigler, 34; Mr. Jones, 30; and Mr. O'Brien, 19. This put the score 64 to 49 in the negative, and gave the victory to Philadelphia.

Among the audience were many out of town visitors. From Philadelphia, besides the debaters and Judge Koehler, came Messrs. Breen, Morony, Delp and Wilson.

The rest, besides the usual quota that generally attend the debates, from the Gallaudet Club, C. L. and B. U., Brooklyn Societies with their wives and sweethearts, Mr. Newell, and Mr. and Mrs. Haight, from Goshen, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, Mr. Fox and Miss Dillingham, of Brooklyn, Misses Reed, Wright, Shute, a bevy from the New York Institution headed by Miss Williams and Mr. Porter, Tom Brown, attired in his best with a new peacocking collar, and a host of other ladies and gentlemen prominent in New York's deaf-mute circles, not excepting the "German Club."

Altogether there were upwards of one hundred present, which must have startled the Philadelphia trio. The receipts will turn out to at least \$30, if not \$50, and Philadelphia may take the honor of collecting such a bevy of young ladies.

Everybody agreed, apparently, with the verdict of the learned Judges, but the time is looked forward to when we visit the Quaker City and take back the flag of victory wrested from us on this occasion.

Thus ended the debate, and the query at present is "Next?"

DEBATABLES.

The happiest person in the room, perhaps, was "Mr. Spy." He smiled, when he saw the word "victory" floating in mid-air, but "Tigg" says he ("Mr. Spy") forgot to add a flag-pole to fly his colors, and, therefore, the flag "victory" has no resting-place on which to hold?

The Philadelphia quartette were the centre of all eyes.

Messrs. Jones and O'Brien met with rebuffs from the gentler sex for running down their class as they did. Still they were congratulated on the good discussions they made.

Reynolds, Wilkinson and Ekardt were there. The former got points for his debate to occur shortly, and the next named got soothing salve in knowing the New Yorkers got beat, as he did in behalf of "Protection."

Ushers Allabough and Souweine did yeoman service, and the former grined as he saw how things were going with his late associates of the Quaker City.

Jim Donnelly was there with his "Forget-me-not" in his pearl-gray top-coat. He said there was to be a funeral, but the Judges said "No."

Irrepressible Bond and his side-pard Godfrey kept tally; but as they were not the Judges, their decision is not known.

Rev. Mr. Colt discussed the question while the Judges were absent, said it was hard to decide which side was best, as man depended upon woman for his happiness, and vice versa.

The German Club had bushels of their picnic tickets in their pockets, and they met with a ready sale. We learn half the receipts are to go to the Gallaudet Fund, so do not fail to attend.

Mr. David Ballin was there and took a great interest in the proceedings, as did Mr. Jacques Loew.

Altogether all present decided it an interesting event, and the majority it would seem were glad to have the Quaker City boys take home the victory, as they had such a distance to travel to gain it.

As to "Tigg," he wants to know if you ever had a felon on your right thumb. He has at present, and did on the evening of the debate, so his not being present at the debate may be overlooked, and he trusts our account suits as well.

SKOOKS.

Catholic Sunday School, of Philadelphia

Last Sunday, the competitions were made with the following results: Mr. P. J. V. Collins gave the best answers to the questions proposed. Reward—a silver watch. The next in merit, Mr. M. Sweeney—a nickel watch.

All the other boys received rewards in proportion to their punctuality in attendance, and the progress made.

I am happy to state that all have improved wonderfully, so that in a short time, with perseverance, they will not be behind their more gifted brethren, in a knowledge of their Holy Religion. Twenty-five of those attending are from the Pennsylvania Institution, fifteen of whom were admitted to first communion.

I take this opportunity to thank Mr. Crouter, the principal, for his interest in the work, and for his constant kindness to me since the beginning.

All Catholic deaf mutes, who before had no opportunity to learn the teachings of their church, should attend the Sunday School, where they will receive a most cordial welcome.

Sincerely Yours,

REV. E. V. LEBRETON.

COLORADO.

Scintillations.

Colorado Mutes as Others see Them.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

(From our Colorado Correspondent.)

Examinations at the Mute Institution commence on Monday next.

Miss Josie Crawford returned last evening from a week's visit to Aspen, where she thoroughly enjoyed herself among her numerous friends. —*Gothic Record of May 1st.*

A deaf-mute from Maryland, who earnestly desires that his name should be kept out of the JOURNAL, was before Police Judge Barnum at Denver on a charge of drunkenness a short time ago. The Judge took all the facts of the case into consideration, and fined him the costs of the case, which exactly sized his pile.

J. C. Simmons and M. A. Martindale are taking out dust pretty freely this year, at their mines near Georgetown.

William D. Cameron, alias "Barro," is now one of our "humorous correspondents." His side-splitting effusions would look good in print; but there is a yawning chasm that is hard to cross—the waste basket.

The pupils and teachers of the Institution will indulge in a picnic at Manitou next Saturday. We predict every thing will go off nicely and the affair will be a pleasing success.

No, Sir; "Mr. Spy." But we'd like very much to see one. Send it C. O. D. Address, through Editor Hodgson.

Our friend, J. W. Beaton, is up from Silverton. He looks as ruddy as a blooming school girl, and reports every thing in his locality as going along nicely. He has a big thing down there, but will say but little about it.

Here is what the Colorado Springs Republic of the 12th inst says:

One thousand extra copies of the *Deaf-Mute Index* will be issued on the 26th inst, and copies will be sent to subscribers during the vacation. School will close June 1st and the *Index* suspends publication until September 8, 1886. The school year about to close has been a very successful one, very little illness prevailed among the pupils and they have made unusually rapid progress in their studies. Superintendent Dudley and his earnest assistants deserve great credit for their efficient work. Our citizens should all take an interest in assisting the circulation of the *Index* and forwarding the interests of the school in every respect.

Mike Coyne is now at Denver and says that he has just drawn one thousand dollars from the Louisiana Lottery, but isn't particularly anxious to advertise the fact, as he is afraid the dumb peddlers from the East might crowd him uncomfortably in their applications for small loans.

Having got tired of the rural life, Frank Chaney came over to Pueblo from Montrose looking as stolid and impenetrable as ever last week, and decided to settle down permanently. He has already succeeded in striking a steady situation which fact we gladly publish, as the following paragraph from the *Daily Star* will testify.

Frank Chaney, formerly of Colorado Springs, has taken a chair at J. L. Scott's establishment. He enjoys the reputation of being one of the finest tonorial artists in the west.

The Institution will be handsomely re-touched with paint during the summer vacation.

The war against dumb peddlers, "traveling agent and collectors," should be carried into Europe—no, the United States. Every one of them must go.

Marion Taylor is holding things level at his father's ranch at Howard.

John Scott, better known to the people as "Deaf Jack," attempted to shuffle off this mortal coil last Tuesday evening through the morphine route. He lingered in the shadow of the valley for some time, and it required the combined efforts of several men to resuscitate him by a process of slapping and rubbing. To day he was reported to be all right, and will appear upon the streets again in a few days.

SOLID MULDOON.

5-13-'86.

Northern Indiana.

On the 10th of April, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cross and family made Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Nordyke a pleasant visit.

On 11th of the same month, Mrs. P. Bowes, accompanied by her niece, P. Acheson, took tea with J. J. Cross and wife.

P. Cross, wife and family, accompanied by J. J. Cross and wife, took a festive dinner with E. N. Bowes and wife on the 18th.

Miss Hulda Swanson is at J. J. Cross' home helping his wife clean up.

P. Minor has gone off again on a secret tour. Expect to hear the wedding bells soon.

Miss Louisa Geakley spent a few days visiting Miss H. Swanson. They had a nice time.

E. N. Bowes has bought a nice top buggy, but it is too small for his family all to ride in. Perhaps he forgot he had a family when he purchased it.

W. H. Whitmore paid Jesse Cross a visit on Sunday last, accompanied by Miss P. Acheson, who had been spending a few days with Miss L. Geakley, of La Porte.

The Cross brothers with their wives and family were at Bro. Jesse Cross' home, and took a dinner and had a good chat. Miss H. Swanson was also

there. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes made them a short visit for the purpose of bringing their niece Pauline home with them.

JUXTA.

MICHIGAN CITY, 5-10-86.

Circleville, Ohio.

Jacob W. Stebelton, better known as "Red Plume," who has been in the employ of Mr. Banks Dakin, one of Warren County's prosperous farmers, has left him, and is now in the employ of the Kingry Bros.

Miss Emma Bard, of Portsmouth, O., has returned again, and will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Simon Kingry.

John Coontz, of near Commercial Point, this county, has gone west, on a prospecting tour. Mrs. Coontz is a mute lady, and a graduate of our Institution, while her husband is a hearing gentleman.

The article that appeared in the JOURNAL, not long since, written by "Old Sport," that Christopher C. Neuner, of Circleville, O., was in the "Horse Business," was about all correct except the statement that he (Mr. Neuner) was well-known as a horse "trader," or as it is best known, swapper, for Mr. Neuner has nothing to do with "trading." He simply buys and sells "straight." Pickaway County is well-known for the great interest her people take in breeding fine "stock," horses, cattle and swine. Any one from a distance wanting anything in this line, can learn prices, etc., by writing to C. C. Neuner, Circleville, O.

A private letter from Cave Springs, Ga., states that Mr. W. N. Bailey, of the above named place, and Miss Pendergrass, of Salt Springs, Ga., were married last winter. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were among the many warm hearted mutes. I met at the Camp Meeting at Salt Springs, Ga., last Summer, while I was in the South. I extend to them my hearty congratulations and wish them a long and happy life, way down in the Dixie Land.

Why do not some of my friends at Atlanta, Ga., contribute to the JOURNAL? I am and have been anxious to hear something about them for a long time. Miss Ella Groom, can't you contribute a slip of paper with a few lines written thereon, for the JOURNAL now and then? It would help make the paper more interesting, especially for "Robin Hood," you know. How are Ed. Malone and Willie Brown nowadays.

NASUHA NEWS.

Frank Damon has administered a new coat of white paint, to a house on Lake Street. It is open for rent.

It is rumored that Parley Stevens, a twelve year old deaf-mute, will be sent to the American Asylum for Deaf-mutes, at Hartford, Conn., to be educated next September.

Two years ago, Frank Damon went to Florida during the winter, to visit his oldest brother. While there, he bought ten dwarf orange trees, but last week his youngest brother and his wife returned from Florida, and reported that two of Frank's trees were killed by frost, some time ago.

Mr. E. H. French and wife are now occupying rooms in one of the tenement houses on the corner of West Pearl and Elm Streets. They moved there on the 28th of April last.

When Mr. Duprez went to Boston last Wednesday, he was surprised to see many common workmen standing idle on the streets, because they wanted eight hours a day. He next went to Woonsocket, R. I., on business, and while there, called on Mr. J. F. Donnelly, who is working in a printing office there. Mr. Duprez returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. Frank P. Blodgett is working in the shoe factory of Estabrook, Moody & Anderson. The company are going to move all their machinery to their new brick building on Palm Street, in two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Worcester will come here next June, to meet their son Frank for vacation.

Mrs. M. Fish was a visitor here some weeks ago. She departed for Autrin, N. H., on a visit to Mr. Wilkins. She then went to Keene, N. H., to live with her husband.

Tuesday last week, Mr. Wright's daughter, of Lowell, Mass., drove a team of horses to Litchfield, in company with a lady friend, much to the surprise and delight of Mr. Wright.

We hear that the next convention of the New England Association will take place at Portland, Me., in August next. Mr. F. H. French, now located at get up a game of base ball at the deaf-mute picnic after the official time of the Convention, and is open to challenge.

On the 3d of April last, there was a very pleasant gathering of twelve deaf-mutes at the residence of Edwin H. French. They played "Trevoli" a game which Mr. French invented himself. E. R. Gay made 390 in twenty innings. Mr. Blodget, on was second, with 335. A collation was served, and a most enjoyable time was had until midnight.

Mr. French is going to leave the Door, Sash & Blind shop and work for Messrs. Balcom and Marves as carpenter.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

May 10, '86.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held in the Sunday-School Room of St. Ann's Church, Tuesday evening, May 25th, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Thos. F. Fox, Secretary.

CINCINNATI.

"Out on a Strike."

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

Strikes and lockouts are absorbing topics among the boys just now, as a very large number of mutes are affected. Among the first to try it was Fred Reiker, show-case maker. He joined the Knights of Labor, with the other employees, and secured an eight-hour day and increase of pay. Messrs. Ross, Kelly and Hahn, working in marble yards, went out some time ago, Ross went back without leave, and was "intimidated;" Hahn also went back, and took a neat little gun along in his hip pocket, may be trouble for him; Kelly thinks he won't be successful. Tom Sutton went out with J. A. Fay & Co.'s men-wood-working machinery—but the "boss" is stubborn, and won't grant shorter hours and increase of pay. Among the carriage men, Messrs. Boos, Stemmerday and Fisher secured a ten-per cent increase at the old hours. At the *Lancet Clinic* office, where your correspondent slings type, a petition for an increase of 3 cents per 1000 ems and Saturday half holiday was granted without a strike. J. M. Woolley, at the Franklin Furniture Co., is out for eight hours' work and ten hours' pay, and is doubtful about getting it. Several of the ladies, who work in clothing factories, were thrown out by the strike of the cutters and pressers.

The boys tell me there is a deaf-mute from Louisville, with the lip of an Irishman and the aspect of a prizefighter, running a cigar store on Sixth St.—Don't know who it is.

Miss Ettie Hamrick, former pupil of the Ohio Institution, now living at Dayton, O., is in the city for a two weeks' visit, accompanied by Mrs. Lewis.

A young man, named Jernigan, a telegraph operator, is circulating among the boys, being able to use signs very well. He says his father is a mute, and is instructor of the mystic art of shoemaking at the Council Bluffs, Ia., Institution.

Charley Champlin, who never seems to be at ease when at large, finding he was not crazy enough to be kept at Longview Asylum, kicked up a disturbance at the home of his aunt in this city, and was sent to the work-house again, fifty dollars and thirty days. Appalled at the prospect of breaking rocks, he tried to soften the heart of Judge Fitzgerald by melting into tears, but the judge was not to be taken in, and Charley will study geology.

Leo Rann has gone to Connersville, Ind., where he secured a job at cigar-making.

—ie Goldman is in town from Middletown, O.

The society elected its officers for the ensuing six months last night, as follows: President, Fred Reiker; Vice-President, B. F. Schutte; Secretary, Alfred Bierlien; Treasurer, J. Barriack; Librarian, Mrs. Alfors; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Rutter.

I have an apology to make. Wanting a weed to assist in the flow of ideas, I went over to see who that Louisville mute was, and who should it be but Eddie Herr, in a plug hat and his moustache shaved off. The mistake of the boys is quite excusable. He has bought a cigar store, and is running an "opposition shop" to Mr. Thomas.

My dear "Solid Muldon," cooped up here in a sultry printing office, setting bad MSS., on all the ill's flesh and blood is subject to, and filled with vague, weird longings to head a resolution or go fishing or something to vary the dreary monotonous routine of laying bricks, your letter, with its suggestions of mountain breezes, flannel shirts, army beans, and the other concomitants of the stamping grounds of the jack rabbit, and the cowboy was dreadful—simply dreadful from the tantalizing hints it contained, and was the main factor which induced me to head a movement for more pay, that I might lay up treasures in an old sock to invest in an emigrant ticket.

I have hunted up the ancient musket that my venerable ancestors used at the unpleasantness at Bunker Hill, and the frying pan he used at Valley Forge to broil the tender and savory mule steak withal, and my pater has consented to let me have the canteen he carried in the army, when he was with Grant in sixty four, tho' he says the parlor mantel will look dreadfully lonesome without it, still, he wishes me to be happy, and has therefore decided on the sacrifice. I will put some milk in it—imported milk, that will remind you of the moonlight on the dew of the Kentucky hills. Have also written to Byrne, of Chicago, for a treatise on "Box Cars, Their Uses and Abuses."

Rev. Job Turner was in town last week, on his way to New Orleans.

"Oh, 'Solid Muldon,' it will grieve you deeply to learn that Ben Oppenheimer, his breast filled with ambition and desire for fame and "vindication," was a candidate for Vice-president of the Only Greatest, and did not get even one little lonesome vote. How are the mighty fallen!

FREE LANCE.

Still Another Victim.

A dispatch to the Ohio State Journal of Thursday, says that a deaf and dumb man named Ed. Talmer, whose home was near Union Furnace, died at Logan, the night before, having been brought in by a train which ran over him on the Ohio and West Virginia Division.—*Via-a-Vix.*

Indiana.

Miss Jennie Place, of Kilmore, was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Moss, Saturday. She went home last Monday. She has been working for Mrs. Milton Bell about eight years.

Michael Augustine has received a letter from John Street in Kansas. He said he do not like his new home. He expects to move his family to Indiana again.

There is a deaf lady named Hannah Morgan living in Darwin, who never attended school. She is about forty years old.

William Thornbrough, of Kokomo, is now working in a harness-shop. He gets good wages.

The deaf-mutes, of Burlington, are talking of going to attend a big reunion at Indianapolis.

The barn, which belonged to Odes Rinker, was destroyed by fire.

L. Griesheimer, a semi-mute, of Delphi, is still riding the country buying cattle. Lip understands his business. He never attended a mute school. He can talk by signs as well as the mutes. He came to Indiana from Germany, about 20 years ago.

Mrs. Will Black, sister-in-law of Miss Ella Black, attempted suicide by taking morphine. Cause domestic trouble. She was the only daughter of Isaac Cunningham, a wealthy farmer.

Joe Kline, of Lafayette, expects to work for Jacob Arnot again before Harvest.

Odes Rinker drove to Hamilton, Ind., to visit a lady friend, then went to Cambria to see Mr. and Mrs. Augustine, and spent Monday with them.

We have not heard of Miss Ella Black since she left. We think she is in Tennessee and living with her brother John. Her father was a general during the war.

The writer enjoys contributing to the JOURNAL, and would do so oftener, but has not the time, being very busy farming.

Jesse Arnot, formerly of Delphi, has moved his family to Radnor.

"Claritha" and all other Indiana correspondents, write often; I enjoy reading about my old friends and schoolmates so much.

BOONE.

BURLINGTON, IND.

Baltimore.

The morning of the 4th ult., set in bright and clear, to many hearts' gratification, but the aspect of the weather changed, and there was a shower, and there seemed to be some "kicking" at Old Probs for playing us this trick. He, therefore, lent all his sympathy and ere the last rays of the light had disappeared, the bright stars began to show their appearance far beyond our heads. Before nine o'clock every one invited had put his foot on the dancing floor of the Handsome Young Men's Hall, and the May Blossom Social was in full blast. The melodious fiddle was played, the tuneful pipe blown, and the drum sounded, and on the floor, many dancers indulged in the light fantastic, and faces were seen brighter than had ever before blessed this commodious and handsome hall.

At midnight, every gentleman, with his lady partner, was invited to take a view of the beautiful club room of the H. Y. M., and went into the spacious room, where a few remarks were delivered by some of the gentlemen present. After this was over, they resumed dancing and kept it up until the "wee sma" hours, when they scattered in every direction to their respective destinations. Refreshments were served and ample justice was done them. The committee showed energetic efforts to make the affair a success. The deaf-mutes were very scarce—most of them being prevented by some cause or other from attending. "Billy" McElroy, who has no wife yet to sew for him, made a grand pantomime of the watermelon patch. The whole affair was a grand success.

We came across "Solid Muldoon's" reply to "Anti-Rep," and think he is right. If his motto is "Without fear and favor," we will happily in the future believe in his remarks. We, for some time scarcely could believe some of the Western correspondent's jottings. We thought they were endeavoring to palm off mysterious miracles on the eastern readers, on occasion, I once did believe "Solid Muldoon" to be president, and his chum, "St. Matthew," vice-president of the Deaf-Mute Peddler's Association.

Mr. Jno. Ayres, of Whitehall, Md., was in town a few weeks ago, having come up to attend the monster circus—Barnum's.

A magic lantern entertainment was given at the Saratoga Institution and many of our boys were in attendance.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rev. Mr. Syle, of Philadelphia, and Bishop Paret, held combined services, at Grace chapel, on Friday evening, the 7th inst.

Mr. Hill we are sorry to say has been placed here in combat by his old enemy, rheumatism, and is at present confined to his house. We trust it will not be long before Richard is himself again.—*Maryland Bulletin.*

Mr. Hill has our sympathy, and we hope we will have a speedy recovery.

"Billy" McElroy, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Elroy, and Mr. R. Underwood, were seen at the game between the Metropolitans and home team on the 12th. "Billy" really does know how to kick, and instead of calling the Metropolitans "Indians," he shouted "Yahoo," which is remarkably good for them.

Mr. Wells contemplates spending his vacation in New York after school closes.

